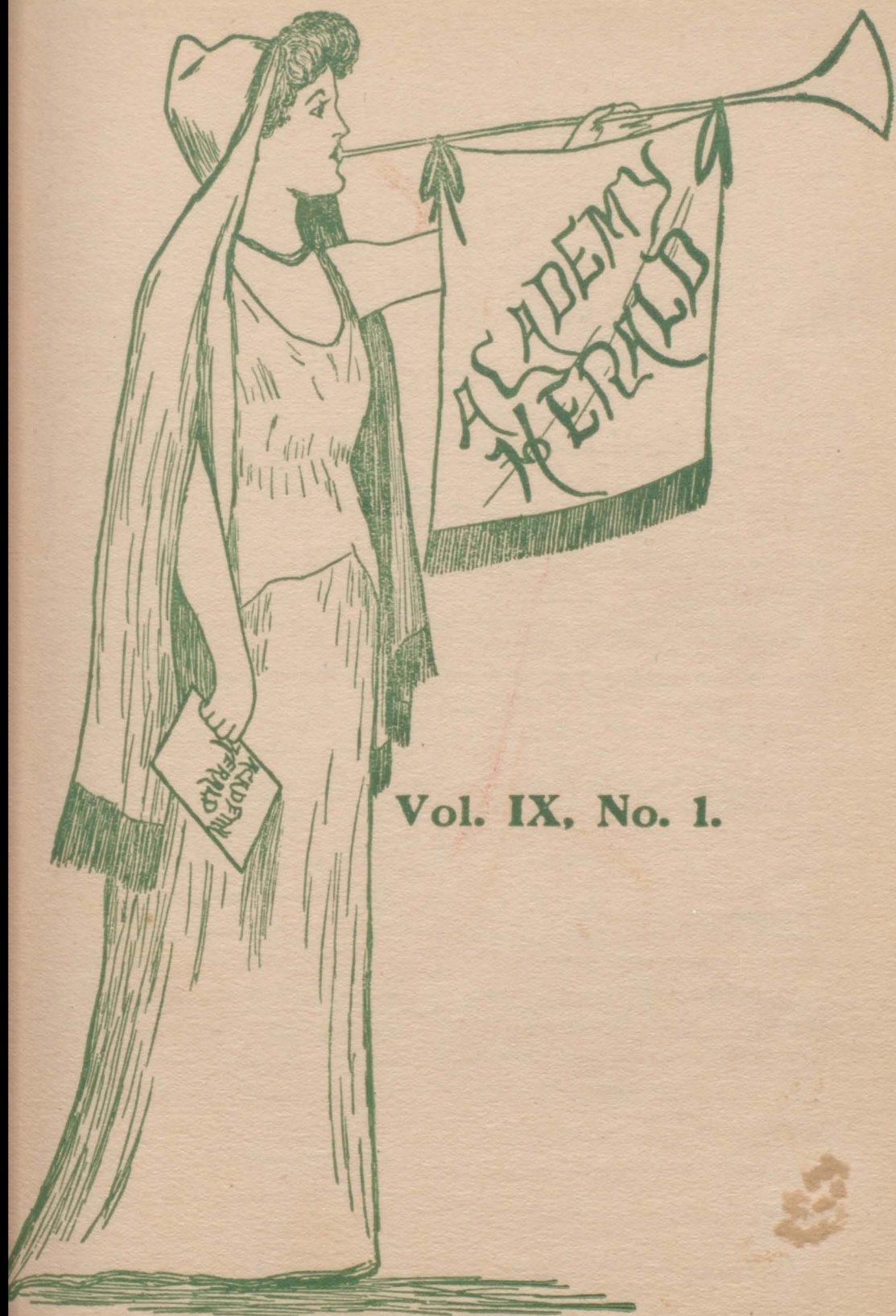




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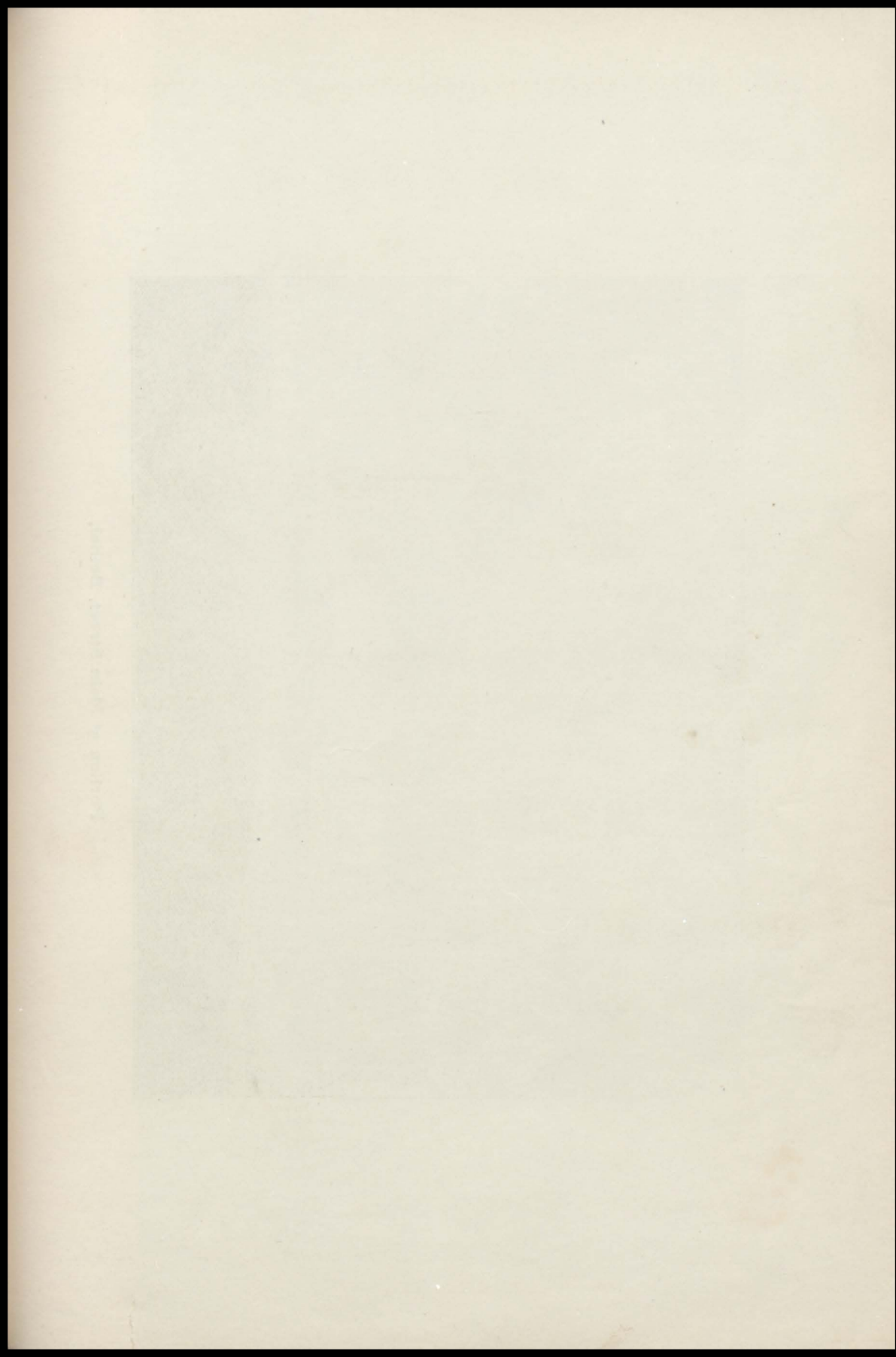
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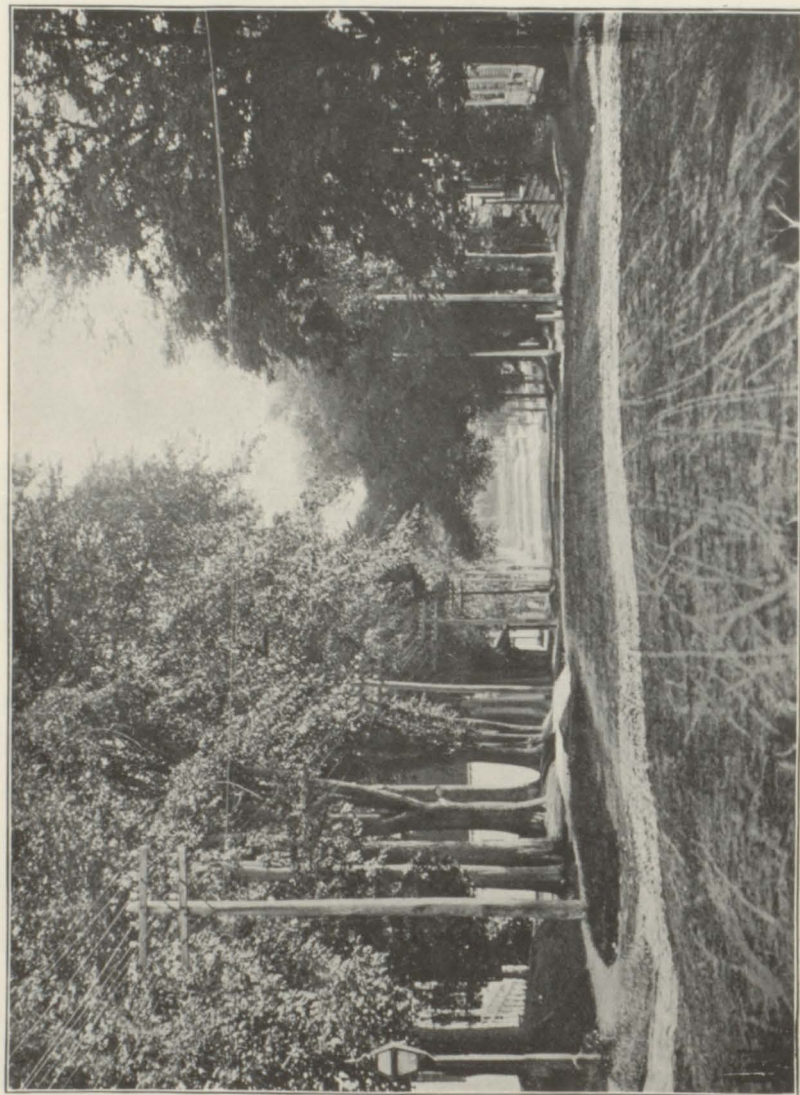
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The ACADEMY HERALD

Vol. IX.

BETHEL, MAINE, NOVEMBER, 1904.

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THE present board of editors keenly realizes its inability to maintain the standard of excellence established by its predecessors; hence it is with fear and trembling that it submits this issue of the HERALD to the friends of Gould's Academy.

IF there is one thing in the world more than all else which promotes success in any phase of human activity, it is loyalty in the truest and best sense of the word. And by this we do not mean an impotent, negative devotion, that folds its hands and longs for better things, but an active, loyal spirit that works unceasingly for the furtherance of its ends. We sometimes hear students complain of our lack of numbers, of our need of apparatus, books, maps, charts, pictures; of our need of better athletics, and better musical and literary advantages. But what we need more than all these is an active and true loyalty to our school and all for which it

stands. The boys and girls who are truly loyal to our school will be careful always to conduct themselves like true gentlemen and gentlewomen, to study conscientiously, to make athletics clean and fair and successful, to take pride in the neatness and attractiveness of our school-home—in a word to raise the material, moral and intellectual tone of the school-life. Is it more students you want? Then work diligently, set a higher standard in scholarship, in athletics, in social intercourse—make our school more earnest, more attractive, that men may be proud to send their sons and daughters here. Let us say to one another “We have the best school in Maine”—and then let us make it so.

THE precedent established by the class of 1904 in leaving a fine picture in the school as a token of their love and respect for Gould's Academy, and the gift of a life-size bust of Shakespeare by the Girls' Basket Ball Team of last year deserve the warmest expressions of commendation, and will, we trust, have their influence upon succeeding classes. That pictures and statuary have a refining influence there can be no question, and to learn to appreciate that which is fine in art is just as much a part of one's education as to acquire a taste for that which is ennobling and elevating in literature. Whatever adorns and embellishes our school-home will have its influence in shaping the minds and forming the characters of all who study within its walls.

“A PLACE for everything and everything in its place” is a saying which may teach a lesson to each one of us. We hear students continually com-

plaining of lack of time, and yet, how much time do they waste daily? There are twenty-four hours in each day for every one. Suppose we set aside eight hours for sleep and four hours for recreation, we then have twelve hours left. Who of us in twelve hours cannot find sufficient time for all our tasks and a great many more if we would but divide our time wisely? Have a regular time for study, a regular time for recreation, and then observe how much longer is a day than we had previously supposed.

IN no other way is a young person's real character so accurately shown as in his attitude toward the little responsibilities and duties of honor which devolve upon him from day to day during his school life. It is a little thing to maintain correct deportment when a teacher, relying upon the honor of his class, leaves the room for a time without a monitor. It is a little thing, also, to take this opportunity to perform some action intended to create laughter or amusement; but these same little things reveal to the thoughtful mind the real characters which we are building for manhood and womanhood. A single straw is sufficient to tell which way the wind blows; a whole field of waving grain could tell no more.

IT has been claimed that a person's character can be determined by an examination of his hand writing, and that every time he signs his name he is unconsciously telling to the world what kind of a person he is. Thus, a careless handwriting indicates a careless writer, and a neat, careful handwriting shows that the writer is a person of painstaking, thorough na-

ture. Also, heavy, coarse letters reveal one trait of character, while light, delicately formed letters show another trait. If this is true, then it is equally true that by improving our penmanship, we may help to reform certain traits of our characters, which are now deficient. If we form the habit of careful writing, we shall be more likely to acquire habits of thorough work along other lines. Few of us seem to realize, when we are writing business or friendly letters, that the time of the persons to whom we are writing may be as valuable as our own. When we scribble off a theme at the last minute before passing it in, are we showing proper consideration for the teacher who, with the themes of the whole class to correct, must waste valuable time in puzzling over its mysteries? Editors in particular find difficulty in deciphering the writings of many of their contributors, and we, as editors of the HERALD, would urge those who intend to write anything for publication to write so plainly that it can be read without the aid of experts.

"What is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more."

THE future of each of us is in ourselves.

It depends on us alone, whether success or failure shall reward our efforts. He, who regards his position in life as fixed by fate, makes an irreparable error. Did Lincoln, because poor, think that he must always work as a day laborer, or did Garfield consider driving a mule on the tow path of a canal a permanent position? If they had taken this view of life, we never should have heard of "Honest Abe", and the name of James A. Garfield would never have been known outside his native

town. These men established for themselves a world-wide reputation on account of their ability to overcome difficulties, to rise, regardless of obstacles. So, now, the world has a place for those who have the inclination and desire to get into the fight, and one must not spend too much time in choosing a place to begin. Hayden Caruth tells a story of the Civil War, in which a young man, very anxious to fight, becoming separated from his company, found himself in the presence of General Sheridan. The young soldier inquired of the General where he would better begin fighting, to whom the General replied, "Step in anywhere, there is good fighting all along the line." The young man who considers life a lottery, or the goddess of success a fickle being, has lost his fight before commencing it.

Life and Existence.

To treat of life and existence in all their signification would be an exceedingly difficult task, hence, in my discussion of the subject, I shall consider them simply in their contrast with each other.

Taking life in the narrow sense of its definition, the two words, life and existence, mean the same; namely, that state of being which begins with birth and ends with death. But, considering life in its broader, more complete sense, we shall see how much more than existence it really includes.

Life consists in putting forth and developing the faculties and capabilities which we possess. Even in existing we have these faculties latent within us. But when we take advantage of our opportunities, and adapt the capabilities within us to the circumstances without, then we live. That man lives in the true sense of the word, who is active and energetic, who has a definite purpose in view, and who has determined to accomplish something which shall benefit mankind.

The place in which one exists is not necessarily the place in which he lives. A man lives where his deepest interest is, whether it be within the limits of his existence or in a place most remote from this. For example take the merchant, who makes his home in the city or town where his place of business is located. This merchant has many ships abroad with rich cargoes which he is anxious to have reach their destination safely. While he exists in the city, where his place of business is, his life is in those ships which are abroad upon the ocean. A soldier who is in a foreign land, fighting for his country, where he drags out his existence at his post of duty, lives, in spirit, with his loved ones at home, who are anxiously awaiting his return.

Not only the place but also the time in which one lives, may differ from that in which he exists. One who spends his life in studying the history and customs of an ancient people, finds himself so influenced by the study, that he, in truth, lives in their time rather than in his own.

Our existence in a great degree forms our reputation, for as a person conducts himself among his associates so his reputation is formed. Our true life, however, is our character rather than our reputation. A person's outward conduct may be faultless, when at heart, he is very evil. Also we may be victims of circumstances and not be able to live as we would wish. But what our thoughts and desires are, determines our character and therefore our life.

Our existence is wholly supported by the physical products of nature, by the different kinds of food and drink, and by the air which we breathe.

But our life is supported rather by the grandeur of nature, by the beauty of the woods, by the varied colors of the sky, by the harmony of poetry, by the melody of music. It is supported directly from the great storehouse of nature, by the lessons and inspirations which it furnishes; and, indirectly, it is supported by the works and productions of the master minds of those artists who have appreciated nature and interpreted it for us. Our

lives are what we make them. It is our power to make our lives of strength and usefulness, or, on the other hand, to make them insincere and dishonorable.

Let us not look at life with the pessimistic view shown in the following verse in Coper's Hope:

"Ask what is human life—the sage replies,
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes;
'A painful passage o'er a restless flood,
A vain pursuit of fugitive, false good,
A sense of fancied bliss and heartfelt care,
Closing at last in darkness and despair.'"

But rather let us look at it in a more favorable light as shown in those familiar lines of Longfellow:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

Life is indeed real, it is not a deceptive illusion. It is a glorious God given privilege, and we should try to make our lives as much like that of our Maker's as lies in our power. More than existence which endures only for a time, life is eternal, lasting forever.

WM. C. BROOKS, '04.

Winning His Way.

In a little town in Virginia, before the Civil War, lived a little negro slave, by the name of Booker. His home was a little log cabin without glass windows, but simply openings cut in the side to let in the light. The cabin had many cracks, and the door hung on uncertain hinges. Altogether it was a very uncomfortable home. During Booker's childhood very little of his time was spent in play. When he was too small to do any heavy work, he was required to clean the yards, carry water to the men in the fields, or take corn to the mill to be ground.

After the close of the war Booker's parents moved to Malden, West Virginia, near the salt mines. He was at once put to work in these mines, often commencing work as early as four o'clock in the morning. The first thing he learned in the way of book knowledge was while working here. The salt packers had their barrels numbered, and he soon learned to tell

the number on his father's barrel. He had a great desire to learn to read, and he induced his mother to get him a book. How or where she got it, he never knew; but in some way she procured an old copy of Webster's spelling book. He soon mastered the alphabet, and a short time after this a school was opened in Malden. Booker was sadly disappointed to find that he must continue to work in the mine. He was so determined to learn, however, that he made arrangements with the teacher to hear his lessons in the evening. Finally he obtained permission to attend the day school for a few months. Instead of returning to his former work he then secured a position in the coal mine.

One day while at work in the mine he heard two men talking about a school, for colored people, in Virginia. He listened to all that was said and resolved, then and there, to go to this school. He had no idea where it was, but was determined by some means to reach it.

About two years after this, he set out for Hampton. He had but little money, so was obliged to walk the greater part of the way, which was a distance of about five hundred miles. He reached the school at last, with fifty cents with which to begin his education. He presented himself to the head teacher, but he did not present an altogether favorable appearance after his long journey, and she was rather loath to take him. Finally she said to him, "The adjoining recitation room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it." He swept it three times and dusted it four times. Every corner and closet was thoroughly cleaned. The teacher went into the room and inspected the floor and closets; then she took her handkerchief, rubbed it on the woodwork about the walls, and over the tables and benches. When she was unable to find a particle of dust on any of the furniture she quietly remarked: "I guess you will do to enter this institution." Booker was one of the happiest of boys. The sweeping of that room was his college examination, and never did any one pass an examination for entrance into Bowdoin or University of Maine that gave him more genuine satis-

faction. He secured the position of janitor, and by hard work mornings, nights and during vacations, obtained money to pay his school expenses.

Miss Lord, one of the teachers, found that Booker had some talent for speaking. She gave him private lessons in breathing, emphasis and articulation, which was a great help to him in after years. He once said, "I never talk in public for the sake of talking, but to be able to do something to make the world better."

During one of his vacations, he assisted the lady principal, Miss Mackie, in cleaning the buildings and getting things in order for the new school year. In those two weeks he learned a lesson he never forgot. Miss Mackie was a member of one of the oldest, most cultured families of the North; and yet for two weeks she worked cleaning windows, dusting rooms and putting beds in order. It was hard for him to understand how she could enjoy performing such service in order to assist in the elevation of an unfortunate race.

Booker's time, during his last year at school, not occupied with duties as janitor, was devoted to hard study. He was determined to make such a record in his class as would cause him to be placed on the "honor roll" of Commencement Speakers, and he did.

At the close of school he went to Connecticut, where he waited on a table in a summer hotel. At the close of the hotel season, he returned to his home in Malden, where he taught a colored school for two years. Here he felt that he had an opportunity for helping his race to a nobler, higher life. At the end of the two years, he went to Washington, D. C., where he spent several months in study.

After he returned to Malden, he received a letter from General Armstrong of Hampton, requesting him to come to Hampton, partly as a teacher, partly to pursue some studies. On going there he took up his residence with about seventy-five Indians, whom they were attempting to civilize. He felt very doubtful about the attempt being successful, but before long he had won the confidence of every Indian there.

While here, an opportunity opened for him to begin his life-work. The people in Alabama wished to start a normal school for colored people, in the little town of Tuskegee. Booker was recommended to them by Mr. Armstrong, and they engaged him to take charge of the school. Before going to Tuskegee, he had expected to find there a building and everything necessary for a school, but when he reached there, he found nothing of the kind. For a month he traveled through the State, trying to find accommodations for the school, and learning something about the life of the people. He found that the work to be done in order to lift those people up, seemed almost beyond accomplishing. But he determined to do his best. After consulting with the citizens of Tuskegee, a school was opened in a little shanty, with thirty students.

Over twenty years have passed since that little school was started; now there are over eleven hundred students and forty buildings, all of which, with the exception of four, have been erected by the students.

Booker T. Washington spent three months in Europe in the year 1899. With this exception his life has been one of continuous labor in behalf of this school. Many years have been spent in hard toil, but the good done by this institution cannot be estimated.

Mr. Washington says, "Soon after I began work at Tuskegee I formed a resolution in the secret depths of my heart, that I would try to build up a school that would be of so much service to the country that the President of the United States would one day come to see it."

In this he has been successful, for in 1898 President McKinley visited Tuskegee Institute and addressed the students.

The great work that Booker T. Washington has been doing, has attracted attention, and won admiration at home and abroad. He is known everywhere as an educator, orator and one of the greatest leaders of his race. He is a man of a high, noble character, who, through his own efforts has won great success.

M. E. G. '05.

The Tramp's Story.

"Hallo, Weary!"

"Why hallo, Lucky Jim! I thought you were dead! Heard your good luck had at last gone back on you, and you had turned up your toes!"

"Well no, hardly, though it did come pretty near it last fall. I've been South for the winter."

"How did it happen? Tell me about it."

"Come over to the old hay-barn, and I will," replied Lucky Jim starting off across the tracks toward the barn.

The above dialogue took place in a certain New England railroad yard late one afternoon in early June. Two freight trains had just pulled in from opposite directions, and two "Knights of the Road" who had but just now been Brake-beam tourists were starting off across the tracks. The one called Lucky Jim had a large red scar crossing the right side of his face, and carried his arm as though there was some trouble with his shoulder. His friend, Weary, differed not from the usual class of tramps.

As they moved away towards the barn, Weary continued: "One of the fellows told me you'd run into a reg'lar hornet's nest of old women, hot water, guns and clubs while up in Maine last fall, and hadn't much chance to get out on the road again."

"I did have a close call and that's a fact," replied Jim. "The first of it was great, but the last of it was tough. You see it was like this," Lucky Jim continued, after they had found a comfortable bed for the night, "I had pulled into the town on the afternoon freight, and not finding anything to my liking, started off into the country. It was growing dark when I came to a little stretch of pine woods. It looked so nice and soft under one of the trees I thought I would rest awhile."

"I had been there only a few minutes when I heard voices. Two men were coming down a path near me. I soon learned they were father and son. The father was saying they'd have to hurry along in order to get off in time for the Grange meeting, and the boy replied,

'Yes, but marm said she'd have supper ready and the chores done, so we could soon shut up and go.'

"When I heard that 'shut up and go,' it sounded interesting, so I up and followed them, keeping out of sight among the trees. Soon I heard the boy say, 'They are planning on a lot of fun to-night. Will and Ed take their last degree, and we are to have the harvest supper. We'll not get home before midnight.'

"Before midnight," I thought. "Better still, I'll have all the time to look things over. Luck's with me this time sure.

"Soon I heard the man say it was too bad they hadn't a dog to leave about the place, as the house was so far from neighbors, yet he seemed to think it would be all right, as there were no tramps around. And I thought it was all right, too. No house near, not home before midnight, and no dog! To-day,—Saturday, and the week's cooking done! It was a chance of a lifetime! Wouldn't I have a feast!

"In a few minutes they came to the house, and as they went in, I kept back out of sight. In less than an hour they were on their way to the hall, and soon after I was trying the windows. As good luck would have it, and you know how I got my name, one was open, and in a few minutes I was in the midst of a feast the like of which I never had had before in my life.

"In the dining room was a refrigerator, and in it I found their Sunday dinner, or what was intended to be; a chicken stuffed and ready for the table, several pies, cake, sauce, and last but not least, a pan of milk. It was a feed fit for a king. And didn't I eat though! I can taste that chicken now! You bet when I got through there wasn't much left.

"I knew I had lots of time so after cleaning out all I could find, I started to look the house over. Not finding much that I wanted down stairs, I started to go up-stairs, noticing as I went a large window near the foot of the stairs.

"The first two rooms were not fixed up very well, though I found a ten in one of them; but the third, it was a dandy.

Wish you could have seen the bed in it! It looked so nice I just had to try it. My, but wasn't it soft? It had been ten years since I was on a real bed.

"Suddenly a thought struck me. Why couldn't I take a nap for a couple of hours? The people would not be home before midnight, and I had just noticed one of those small 'larm clocks in one of the rooms. It was then only eight and I could set the clock to 'wake me at ten or eleven. It seemed too good a chance to lose, so off I started for the clock. I soon found it, and setting it at eleven, put it on a table pulled near the bed, blew out the light and turned in. Say, but wasn't it great to get into a bed like that! I tell you I was happy. I couldn't help wondering what the old lady would say if she should see me in her best bed with my dirty duds on! It made me laugh just to think of it.

"In a short time I was sound asleep, dreaming of the days of long ago. After what seemed ages, I awoke. Where in the world was I? What was that awful racket? The cold chills were running up and down my back; the next minute, with a cry of terror, I was in the middle of the floor. The clock had not waked me, the people had come home, and I was caught. Even now they were starting up the stairs. What in the world should I do! I looked out of the window. Something was piled up under it. I didn't dare jump. Only one way was left—to dash down the stairs and through the window at the foot. The woods were near. Could I do it?

"I looked over the edge of the stairway. There was the old man with a lantern in one hand and a gun in the other. A few steps behind him was the boy, shaking enough to fall over but clinging to the banister with one hand and feebly brandishing a club in the other. At the foot was the old woman holding a pan of hot water and cheering them on. They had found out I was up there and were after me. My chances seemed small.

Grabbing some of the bed-clothes in one hand, and a coat, to protect my face as I went through the window, in the

other, I crept to the head of the stairs. Now was my chance. With an unearthly yell I threw the bed-clothes and jumped. It took them by surprise. With a scream of terror the boy hit his father with the stick, just as the bedding struck him in the face. The old man dropped his lantern and tumbled backward upon the boy, firing the gun as he did so.

"As we all three struck the floor in a heap, I felt a pain as of a thousand knives running through my shoulder. The shot had hit me, but I couldn't stop. As I started for the window the old woman with a piercing scream let her pan of water fly. It struck the side of my head full force, and as I went through the window the same side of my face came in contact with a blind, cutting a deep gash. I fell in a heap outside. Luckily my legs were all right. As I picked myself up and started for the woods cries of help! help! murder! fire! pierced the air.

"I didn't stop until I fell over, out of breath and about wild with pain. The hot water was also taking effect. What should I do? Where should I go? It would never do to stay there. Just then I heard a train whistle, and I started for the tracks. It proved a freight, and as she stopped for water, I boarded an empty car. Soon they started on again and continued for what seemed an age. It seemed as though I couldn't bear the pain in my shoulder and face. It was something awful. Besides, I was losing a lot of blood.

"At last the train stopped, and looking out I recognized Portland. Here was a chance for help. As I started off for our meeting place, I met Hopeful Ned. Telling him what had happened and turning over the ten dollars I had found, I sent him off for our doctor, while I went on to the house. The doctor came in a few minutes, and patched me up. I was in a bad way, and the fellows had to look out for me for over a month. As soon as I got out again, I started South, but I still have a bad shoulder, and a big scar across my face to remind me of a night of some fun and much sorrow." Thus ending his story, the battle scarred Knight

turned over, and soon only the sound of the wind filled the old barn.

G. A.

Six Common Sparrows.

"It's only a sparrow!" How often you hear that remark when you catch a glimpse of some little brown bird disappearing in the bushes. "Only a sparrow," perhaps, but which one? People often have the mistaken idea that all sparrows are very much alike. While as a class they are brown or dusky in color, nearly every one has some distinguishing mark, and their habits and songs are more varied than their costumes. Though you might not think it, sparrows are much easier to identify than many other common birds; for instance, warblers, who are continually flitting about in tree tops, and vireos, thrushes and flycatchers, whose distinctions are, in most cases, very slight. Every Bethelite ought to know at least, six of our most common sparrows.

Notice first the English sparrow. "Why," you say, "who doesn't know the English sparrow? our streets are full of them." But are you sure that you would recognize him, if you should meet him out of the village? Study his characteristics. Note the male's black upper breast, and the black line through his throat. The house sparrow, as he is sometimes called, is not a favorite in ornithological circles on account of his abundance, his noisy and quarrelsome habits, and his custom of driving away other birds. But, in spite of his faults, his cheery presence would be sorely missed in the winter.

The song sparrow is, perhaps, the dearest of all. About the size of his city cousin, with a small black spot in the center of his breast, he is not likely to be mistaken. But his song is his charm. In fields and by roadsides, from March to August, he trills at all hours, for he is one of the few birds who do not rest from their music during the heat of the day. He has any number of distinct songs, and countless variations, but his voice is always the same. As one author has said,

"He seems to sing one hymn after another of several stanzas each." My favorite song sounds exactly like "Sweet, sweet, sweet, little dear," which is very appropriate to our happy, friendly bird neighbor.

Another fine songster, but one who is a little more sparing of his music, is the vesper sparrow. He has received his name from his habit of singing, just at twilight, his expressive melody, that has a sad strain, unknown to the song sparrow. You can identify him at once by the white outer tail-feathers, which show when he flies. Like most of the sparrows, he builds his nest on the ground. A few summers ago, we watched a nest which was only a foot or two from a much traveled road, and within sight from the carriage.

Much less musical than the preceding two, but more neighborly than either, is the chipping, social, or doorstep sparrow. He is only a little, gray bird with a chestnut crown; modest, humble, unassuming, chanting a monotonous trill, which makes up in quantity what it lacks in quality, but what should we do without him? Often building his hair-lined nest in the very woodbine of our piazza, he seems to ask for our protection.

The field sparrow is much like chippy in appearance, but may be distinguished by his reddish bill. His habits, however, are entirely different. A bird of upland pastures, with a wild, sweet song, he forms a complete contrast to his domestic cousin.

There is one more that we should all know, the white-throated sparrow or Peabody bird, as he is locally called. He is as large as the English sparrow, and has a black and white striped crown, and clear white throat, that stands out in striking contrast with his gray breast. His haunt is that of the field sparrow. No bird's song is more easily learned than the Peabody's clear whistle. "All day whittling, whittling, whittling," some people hear him sing; while a little north of us it is "Sweet, sweet, Canada, Canada, Canada," but "John, John, Peabody, Peabody, Peabody," seems to me to fit best of all. The

white-throat is said to sing sometimes in his sleep.

Not that these are all the sparrows, or even the only ones in Bethel, but they are the most common, and the most friendly. Just become acquainted with these six, if you are not already familiar with them, and you will not stop there, for, as Selours says, "The pleasure that belongs to observation is really far greater than that which attends any kind of skill or dexterity. Let any one who has an eye and a brain (especially the latter) lay down the gun and take up the glass for a week, a day, even for an hour, and he will never wish to change back."

N. S. R., '06.

Some Famous American Women.

While men have played the most important part in the affairs of our nation, yet there have been many noble women, who have done much to improve and better this, their own country and the world at large.

* * * * *

In the year 1802, in Worcester, Mass., there was born a baby girl, Dorothea Dix, who was destined to be one of the greatest philanthropists of this or any other country. She grew up into a life of hardship and care, for when she was quite young she had to support and educate her two younger brothers. To help her in this, she started a school for girls in Boston, and, while taking charge of it, she first became interested in the convicts of the State prison, and often visited them. A few years later, she was given a Sunday-school class in the Cambridge House of Correction, and in this way saw much of the lives of its occupants. She found that the paupers were shamefully abused, and she made a plea to the State Legislature for them. She was successful, and immediately went to other States and righted the same wrongs. When the Civil War broke out, she was one of the most earnest workers in nursing the soldiers, and was made chief of army nurses. Through

her influence, when she was abroad, many of the European countries began to treat their prisoners more kindly. At her death, about seven years after her return from Europe, the following was said of her: "On no other page of the annals of purely merciful reform can be read such a series of moral triumph over ignorance and cruel neglect."

While Dorothea Dix was doing her great work, Harriet Beecher Stowe was living in Cincinnati, and often visited the slave States with her husband. During the agitation of the great slavery question one of the stations of the "Underground Railroad," by which the negroes escaped to freedom, was at Mrs. Stowe's home, and she had a fine opportunity to study the fugitives. Professor Stowe was called to fill a position in Bowdoin College, and it was there that Mrs. Stowe used her knowledge of the negroes in her great work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin". About 500,000 copies of this book were sold in America in five years, and it was translated into all foreign languages. When Mrs. Stowe went to Europe, the year after it was first published, she was entertained by all the higher class, and more than half a million women signed a memorial written to her. She wrote a number of other books, among which is the well-known work, "The Minister's Wooing."

Harriet Hosmer is a name which perhaps is not so familiar to us as the two former, but which ought to be, as she has honored her country by showing that Americans as well as Italians can be sculptors. When she was at school she never obtained a high rank, for she spent her time in modeling in clay instead of studying. As she could not gain admission to an eastern school, Miss Hosmer went to St. Louis, where she began her study of art. After completing her course there, she went to Rome with her father and studied with the famous sculptor, Gibson. Among her masterpieces are "The Sleeping Fawn," for which she received \$5000, and a monument which is now in one of the large churches at Rome. In connection with her sculpture, she is noted for devising a process to change Italian lime

stone to marble, and for inventing machinery useful in her art.

The name of Helen Gould is more familiar to us, and when we hear it, we immediately think of money, for Miss Gould is the daughter of the famous financier, Jay Gould. She had private teachers during the first part of her education, but later went to New York Law University, where she obtained a knowledge of business to help her manage her own affairs. She has given so much to different institutions that she has received the name of "Princess of Givers." Among her gifts are \$50,000 for the Naval branch of the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn, \$150,000 to the home for crippled children, and the money which made it possible to build the Hall of Fame, New York.

These are only a few of the great number of famous American women, but their lives show us what has been done in our own country and are good examples for us to follow now when women have more opportunities than ever before.

M. W. G., '06.

The Dream Mirror.

One evening while talking with a lady about the interesting things she had seen while traveling abroad, she told me about her visit to Scotland and about Holyrood Palace, the home of Mary Queen of Scots. And in describing the room in which the Queen entertained her friends, she told me of an oval mirror in that room, tarnished by age, which, as she looked in it, reminded her how many times the beautiful face of Queen Mary had been pictured there.

That night I dreamed of seeing that same mirror hanging in the hall of Gould's Academy, and in it I could see the teachers and pupils of long ago. I could see the teacher who made Gould's so famous, and the many young men and women who have gone out into the world to win honor for themselves and reflect credit upon their Alma Mater. I saw young men going away to fight for their country, some

of whom *came* back and others who were *sent* back, wrapped in the old flag.

I saw the noble and generous men who started in life at the foot of the ladder, after having won wealth and honor, coming back and doing their part to help support the old Academy in her times of need, as the old teacher of many years ago would have them do.

After them, I saw the different teachers who followed in his footsteps, many of whom after leaving Bethel, moved onward in their profession to larger fields and broader usefulness.

The scene now changes, and I beheld the exercises of the first graduation I attended, that of the class of '96. I saw the valedictorian of that class, who, after a few months was called to her home beyond. I saw the other members of the class, all of whom are still striving to make themselves an honor to old Gould's.

I next saw the large recitation room, and heard the bell ringing, calling together another band of scholars, where another teacher is waiting to greet them, to encourage, and inspire and train them, as did that teacher of long ago. I also saw many graduates of the school in recent years, who, as teachers or superintendents are fitting younger scholars to attend Gould's Academy.

A veil passes over the mirror, and I awake with a start to find the mirror had vanished. I wished that I might have beheld the future as well as the past, so that I might read the future of my school-mates after leaving Gould's Academy and entering upon their life work; for I doubt not that the record of Gould's Academy, her teachers and students, will be no less honorable in the future than in the past.

Again I thought of the mirror, and I wondered if Mary Queen of Scots in her castle ever had more wonderful dreams than mine.

F. P. M. '06.

The Green and the White.

There are many charming tinges in the sunset's
mellow glow,
As it shades its golden glory o'er the western sky
so blue;

There are lovely combinations of hues subdued
and bright,

But the fairest choice, the rarest, is enshrined in
green and white.

In years past there have been many, who these
colors proudly bore,

Now another class has joined them—

Gould's Academy, nineteen four.
'04.

Communication.

Dear Editors and Readers of the Herald:—

For many days I have pondered as to what should be the subject of my letter to your paper. Perhaps if I should give the result of a little observation on my part in this small city on the Kennebec, and elsewhere, it may not come amiss.

I wonder if the young men and women, especially the young men, now students at "old G. A.," realize how much this great, busy world calls to day, as never before, for young men to begin at the foot of the ladder in this same world's work.

Competition is keener and business methods far more exacting, as well as condensed and systematic, than at any previous period in the world's history. As a consequence opportunities are much greater, for the broader the field and the higher the goal, the greater the incentive to keen and constant action.

A person not familiar with the volume of business handled by some of our American firms, and the wonderful system by which it is carried on, would be astounded to learn a few facts concerning the great establishments of the country.

Where hundreds and sometimes thousands of persons are employed by one firm, there are, of course, many responsible positions. Who are the persons selected to fill these positions? Except where political or personal "pulls" are occasionally employed, it is always those who have given their attention to details, who have begun at the foot of the ladder and worked their way up through departments. Oftentimes it is the case with railroad and manufacturing corporations that the boy

with an academic education, combined with natural ability and application, is given preference over all others, sometimes even over graduates from colleges; and right here lies the point to be emphasized.

The world needs more boys who will begin in a small way, boys willing to learn from others, to work for small pay at the start and get grimy hands if necessary. Success is sure to crown the efforts of such ones, if they will work with a will.

My purpose is to convey an idea of conditions as they exist, in the hope that the right way to start may be suggested.

Fortune beckons brightly to the boys of the present age and offers her best to those who become masters of little things. May the members of each succeeding class going out from "old Gould's Academy" win greater success than the young men and women of any previous class, and thus add honor and credit to their State, their Alma Mater and themselves, and at the same time help to make the world a brighter and a better place in which to live. Such is the wish of a member of the class of G. A., '99.

G. H. FRENCH.

Quotations Applied.

"An affable and courteous gentleman."

Harlan Bean.

"More years had made me love thee more."

Neda Richardson.

"Order is heaven's first law."

Mr. Erskine.

"As merry as the day is long."

Annie Yates.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

Grace Kendall.

"Far in the east the morn is gray;

I must be gone before 'tis day."

Percy Taylor.

"All Barkers are not biters."

Bessie Goud.

"I was born under a rhyming planet."

Marion Dyer.

"Her smile was like a rainbow, flashing from a misty sky."

Florence Haselton.

"Thou art a scholar,"

Paul Thurston.

"We meet thee like a pleasant thought."

Forrest Keene.

"What is so admirable as the health of youth?"

Lillian Buck.

"Bashfulness is an ornament of youth."

Hugh Thurston.

"As frank as rain on cherry blossoms."

Elsie Davis.

"My heart is ever at your service."

George King.

"Now let us sing,

'Long Live the King'."

Lyle Blanchard.

"Stone walls do not a prison make."

Herman Pettengill.

"My heart is true as steel."

Arthur Andrews.

"The hand that made you fair hath made you good."

Mildred Dyer.

"Alas, that we must dwell, my heart and I,
So far apart."

Agnes Linnell.

"I'll warrant him heart-whole."

John Anderson.

"Certain winds will make men's temper bad."

Frank King.

"And wisely tell what o' the day
The clock does strike, by Algebra."

Senior Reviews.

"His heart's as far from fraud as heaven from earth."

George Bartlett.

"To be in the front ranks is good enough for me."

G. Dean Pingree.

"Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self."

Josie Leighton.

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows."

James Deegan.

"After all, everything in this world can be
dispensed with except the sun and myself."

Philip Barker.

"True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun."

Maud Goud.

"Whatever he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please."

Mr. Hanscom.

"Violets, transform'd to eyes,
Enshrined a soul within their blue."

Alice Wight.

"Everyone's work shall be made manifest."

Test Day.

"He sighed to many, though he loved but
one."

Fitzmaurice Vail.

"Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

Edith Cross.

"Affection is a coal that must be cooled ;
Else suffered it will set the heart on fire."

Harold Young.

"If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be?"

Ernest Buck.

"If a good face is a letter of recommendation,
a good heart is a letter of credit."

Minnie Eagle.

"I have no other but a woman's reason,
I think him so because I think him so."

Grace Stowell.

"My locks uncombed like a rough wood appear."
Byron Cummings.

"Such a fresh, blooming, rosy-cosy, modest
little bud !"

Annie Deegan.

"There's little of the melancholy element in
her."

Shirley Russell.

"Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks."

Erva Bartlett.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands
to do."

Students who break study-hours.

"In every deed of mischief, he had a heart to
resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."

Fred Coburn.

"My tender youth was never yet attain
With any passion of inflaming love."

Ralph Bacon.

"Every grain helps to fill the bushel, so does
the improvement of every moment increase our
knowledge."

Fred Hall.

"Here's to one and only one,
And may that one be she,
Who loves but one and only one,
And may that one be me."

Edward Peverley.

"Two red fires in both their faces blazed ;
She thought he blushed,
And blushing with him wistly on him gazed."

Serena George.

"My heart is fixed,
It cannot range ;
I love my choice
Too well to change."

John Carter.

"Ever in motion,
Blithesome and gay ;
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day."

Florence Mercier.

"True worth is in being, not seeming."

Miss Carver.

"Her brow is always thoughtful."

Alice Powers.

"Studiously neat and trim, with a self-satisfied
air."

Elton Keene.

"Black were her eyes as the berry that grows
on the thorn by the wayside."

Ola Hutchins.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."

Miss Norton.

"I came to this old classic town
In search of hidden lore,
That I might walk in wisdom's path—
I ask for nothing more."

Mattie Littlehale.

Alumni Personals.

HON. JOHN M. PHILBROOK.

Among the many alumni of Gould's Academy to whom the Herald is always proud to do honor, few, if any, occupy a warmer place in the regard of the student body than Hon. John M. Philbrook, whose likeness we herewith present to our readers.

Mr. Philbrook was born in Shelburne, N. H., April 9, 1840, being the son of Harvey and Susannah (Wight) Philbrook. He was educated in the public schools, at Gould's Academy and the Maine State Seminary, where he was a pupil of the late O. B. Cheney. He moved to Bethel in 1862, and has since been closely identified with all the interests of the town. For many years he occupied the Eames homestead, one of the best farm properties in Bethel; he also devoted some attention to lumbering, and has dealt largely in cattle, sheep and swine, shipping same to the Boston market.

Although first and foremost a man of business, Mr. Philbrook has yet found time to serve the citizens of his town and county in various official capacities. He was a member of the State House of Representatives in 1893, and of the Senate in 1903. He served as County Commissioner from 1897 to 1903, and is at present a member of the Board of Trustees of the Bethel Savings Bank, a director of the Bethel Water Co., and a trustee of Gould's Academy. In all of these positions he has exercised the same good judgment and executive ability which have won for himself so large a measure of business success. Progressive and public-spirited, yet possessing the conservatism that marks the truly successful man of affairs, of sound judgment and just in all his dealings, he has won for himself a place in the forefront of the solid business men of Oxford County.

Mr. Philbrook is actively interested in everything that pertains to the welfare of the community, and is always ready to assist every worthy cause, whether of a religious, educational or charitable nature. He has been a life long friend of Gould's

Academy, and always has a good word for the school, a cheerful greeting for the students, a God-speed for the teachers. Among the good friends and true who have contributed to the support of the school in recent years, few have been more generous than this loyal son of a time-honored institution.

While a student at Gould's Academy, Mr. Philbrook became acquainted with Miss Pauline E. Eames of Bethel, whom he married Jan. 1, 1862. They have two children, Edith A., for several years a successful teacher in our village schools, now the wife of Dr. Frank I. Brown of South Portland, and Fred J., who resides on the home farm.

In 1895, Mr. Philbrook moved to Bethel village and built an elegant modern residence on Main street. The house is surrounded by spacious well-kept grounds, and is an ornament to the village as well as a monument to the taste and judgment of its inmates, who are ever ready to "welcome the coming and speed the parting guest."

'85.

Mr. Edmund Clark was married to Miss Mary Stuart Field in Stockbridge, Mass., June 18. Mr. Clark has recently accepted a position in the Government Bureau of Chemistry in New York City.

'86.

Mrs. Blanche Smith Hunt after spending a pleasant two weeks in Bethel and vicinity, has returned to her home in Woodfords.

'87.

Miss Grace Ames is teaching in New York.

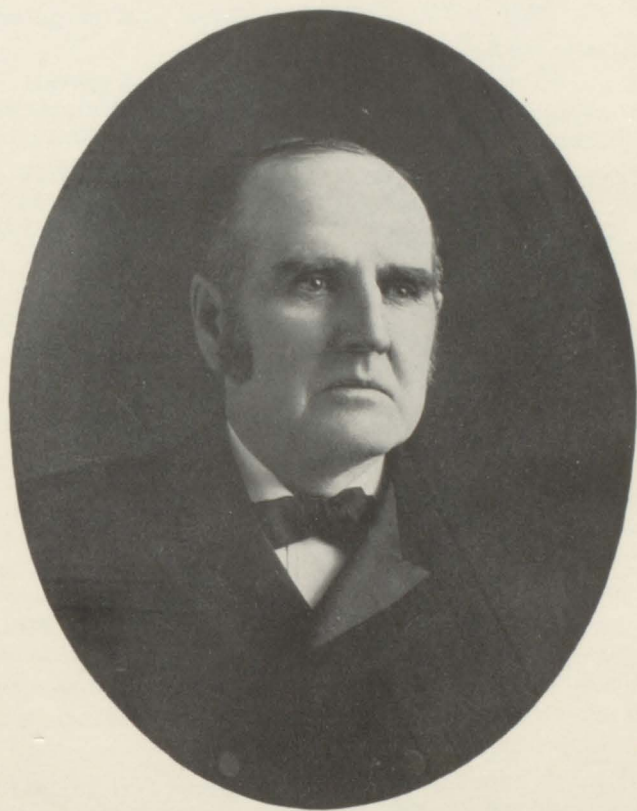
'91.

Mr. Arthur Wiley, Bowdoin '95, is practicing medicine at Bar Mills, Me.

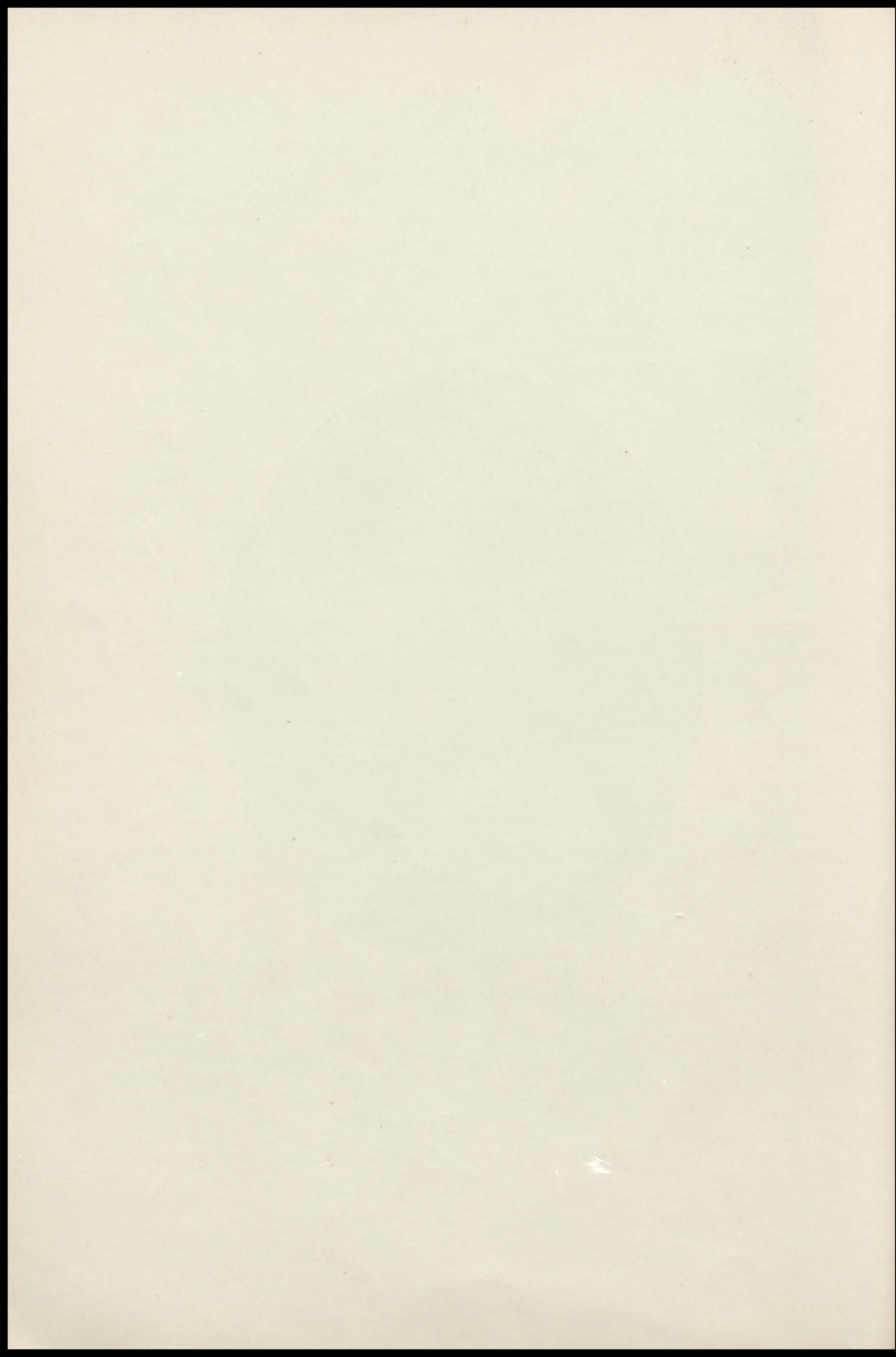
'94.

Edwin Gehring, M. D., was married to Miss Alice Chamberlin of Bethel, September, 1904. They have taken up their home in Portland, Me.

Mr. Archie Grover, now an instructor at the University of Maine, was married



Hon. John M. Philbrook.



to Miss Florence Abbott in Orono, September 7.

'95.

Mr. Howard Wiley was married to Miss May Lawson in Boston, May 4, 1904.

'99.

Mr. Robert C. Bisbee has a fine position in New Orleans.

'01.

Miss Belle Purington is at her home in Bethel.

Mr. Edwin L. Harvey has been elected one of the contestants in the '68 prize speaking at Bowdoin College.

Miss Winona Bartlett and Mr. Merton Fogg were united in marriage in September, and are now at their home in West Milan, N. H.

'02.

Miss Bessie Andrews is teaching the Intermediate school at Bethel.

Fenwicke L. Holmes, Colby '06, was recently elected President of his class.

Alton W. Richardson, U. of M. '06, has been elected to the editorial staff of the University annual, the "Prism." He is also Vice President of the Agricultural Club, an organization composed of students taking the agricultural course.

'03.

Bessie Stanley is teaching the fall term of school in Shelburne, N. H.

Miss Fannie Swan is teaching at South Bethel.

G. Raymond Knight is a member of the freshman class at the University of Maine.

Miss Agnes Brooks is in Boston learning the millinery trade.

Miss Lula Arno, who has been employed at the Bethel News office since her graduation, is enjoying a vacation.

'04.

Miss Gwendolyn Stearns is teaching school in Dummer, N. H.

Mr. W. C. Brooks is a student at Gray's Business College, Portland.

Miss Edna Stearns is teaching in Stewartstown, N. H.

Miss Nina Bean is teaching school near her home in Albany.

Mr. Harry Purington is a member of the freshmen class at Bowdoin College.

Miss Margaret Whidden is teaching school at Milton Plantation.

Miss Gladys Wiley is attending the kindergarten training school in Bangor.

Miss Mollie Carter is teaching school in Shelburne, N. H.

Miss Helen Bisbee is attending the Currey School of Oratory in Boston.

Miss Agnes Barton is teaching school in Grafton.

Miss Ada Richardson has gone to Colorado, where she will spend the winter with relatives.

Miss Edith Hastings is attending the Emerson College of Oratory in Boston.

* * * * *

Barton Smith has a position as mail clerk on the Grand Trunk Railway.

Wade Thurston, a former student of Gould's Academy, is attending Bliss Business College, Lewiston.

Miss Lottie Mason is teaching in Randolph, N. H.

Miss Trenna Brown who went to California with her parents about a year ago, is attending a normal school there.

Miss Bessie Chapman, who has been a teacher in New York for several years, has resigned her position there and is now at her home in Bethel, caring for her mother, Mrs. Martha Chapman.

Mr. Porter Swan, a former student at Gould's, was lately married to Miss Ruby Rand, and is now residing at Locke Mills.

Miss Cora Bean has a position as governess in Dorchester, Mass.

Miss Grace Mills is teaching on Bird Hill.

Mr. Lester Bean is teaching at Wilson's Mills.



SCHOOL NOTES.

School opened September 6, with the same teachers as last year with the exception of Miss Richardson, whose place is taken by Miss Ruby Carver of Augusta.

With an appropriation made from the receipts of the annual fair, the following books have been added to the Academy library :

- Memories of a Hundred Years.
- Familiar Quotations.
- Biographies of Phillips Brooks, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Daniel Webster.
- Timayenis' History of Greece.
- Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men.
- Liddell's History of Rome.
- William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man.
- The Man Roosevelt.
- Century Book of Facts.
- Introduction to English Literature, 2 vols.
- Studies in Contemporary Biography.

Forrest Keene acts as janitor this term.

During the summer vacation registers have been placed in the gymnasium and great improvements made in the basements and toilet rooms.

The evening of September 13 marked the first social event of the term, the reception given by the Seniors to the entering class. Nearly all the students were present, and a pleasant evening passed. Refreshments of punch and crackers were served.

The senior class are glad to welcome one new member, Miss Maude Goud.

The Freshman class is the banner class in numbers.

Those who are attending the Academy for the first time are :

George Bartlett,	Bethel, Maine
Beulah Bartlett,	Bethel, Maine
Lillian Buck,	Bethel, Maine
Albert Buck,	Bethel, Maine
Emma Burk,	Bethel, Maine
Lester Robert Chase,	Bethel, Maine
Gertrude Cobb,	East Stoneham, Maine
Edith G. Cross,	Bethel, Maine
Charles Deegan,	Greenwood, Maine
James Deegan,	Greenwood, Maine
Anna Deegan,	Greenwood, Maine
Gertrude Fickett,	Casco, Maine
Bessie Goud,	Milan, New Hampshire
Mildred Hapgood,	Bethel, Maine
Fred Hall,	Bethel, Maine
Forrest Keene,	West Poland, Maine
Elton Keene,	West Poland, Maine
Genevieve Kilgore,	North Newry, Maine
Mildred Dyer,	Hanover, Maine
George King,	Bethel, Maine
Agnes Linnell,	Wentworth Location, N. H.
Martha Littlehale,	North Newry, Maine
Marian Morrill,	West Bethel, Maine
Hattie Morrill,	Bethel, Maine
Alice Powers,	Newry, Maine
Percy Taylor,	Newry, Maine
Hugh Thurston,	Newry, Maine
Annie Yates,	Milan, New Hampshire

Miss Serena George, '05, and Mr. Fitzmaurice Vail, '07, who taught during the spring term have returned to school.

Miss Lena Farwell, formerly of the Senior class, is teaching at Jefferson, but will resume her studies at Gould's during the winter term.

Through subscriptions obtained by Miss Weed, a large, fine, steel engraving, the Brittany Sheep by Rosa Bonheur, has been purchased and hung in the main study room.

Both the boys and girls have formed basket-ball teams, and it is expected some interesting games will be played in the near future.

A bust of Shakespeare has been purchased by the girls basket-ball team of last year, and presented to the school.

Finding a picture of the democratic candidate, Parker, adorning one of the book-cases, the republicans did not wish be to outdone, and now Alton Brooks Parker and Theodore Roosevelt appear side by side on the piano.

On Wednesday evening, October 19, a social was held in the gymnasium under the auspices of the Senior class. The program consisted of games, charades and a voting contest, the young gentlemen voting for the most popular young lady, and the young ladies in their turn were liberal with their pennies for the young gentlemen of their choice.

On Monday evening, Oct. 10, the students were excused from study hours that they might attend the Educational Mass meeting. The speakers of the evening were Professor Claxton of the University of Tennessee, and Dr. A. E. Winship of Boston, their subject being the influence of education.

Fitzmaurice Vail has been appointed librarian.

The Athletic Association has elected the following officers:

President—John Carter.
Vice-President—J. Harold Young.
Secretary—Paul C. Thurston.
Treasurer—Edward D. Peverley.
Auditor—Frank E. Hanscom.

Class Officers.

Senior

President—Paul C. Thurston.
Vice-President—F. Lyle Blanchard.
Secretary and Treasurer—Maud Goud.
Exec. Com.—
 { Ralph Bacon.
 { Serena George.
 { Minnie Eagle.

Junior

President—John Carter.
Vice-President—Mabel Gleason.
Secretary and Treasurer—Neda Richardson.
Exec. Com.—
 { Marion Dyer,
 { Herman Pettengill,
 { Edward Peverley.

Sophomore

President—Fitzmaurice Vail.
Vice-President—Erva Bartlett.
Secretary—Florence Haselton.
Treasurer—Fred Hall.
Exec. Com. { Harlan Bean,
 { Verna Kilgore,
 { Martha Littlehale.

Freshman

President—George Bartlett.
Vice-President—Hugh Thurston.
Secretary and Treasurer—Gertrude Cobb.
Exec. Com. { Mildred Dyer,
 { George King,
 { Emma Burk.

Commencement.

The Commencement exercises of the class of 1904 of Gould's Academy began on Sunday afternoon, May 29, at the Congregational church, where the students and friends gathered to listen to the able baccalaureate sermon delivered by Rev. F. E. Barton. Mr. Barton has always shown a great interest in the work of Gould's Academy, and his words were inspiring and helpful. The church was prettily decorated, and music was furnished by a chorus led by Dr. G. L. Sturdivant.

The graduation exercises were held in Odeon Hall Thursday afternoon. The hall was artistically decorated with the class colors, green and white. The sides of the stage were hung with folds of the green and white bunting, and at the back, on a solid background of green, were the white figures, 1904. Over the stage was the class motto, "No Such Word as Fail," while the front and steps leading to the stage were festooned with green and white.

The class consisted of twelve members, ten young ladies and two young gentlemen. Each girl in her dainty white gown well deserved the name, "sweet girl graduate," and the boys in their black suits appeared with all the dignity of seniors.

PROGRAM.	
Music.	
Invocation.	
Music.	
Salutatory—Life and Existence,	WILLIAM CLIFFORD BROOKS
Days of Chivalry,	*MARY LOVEJOY CARTER
The Universal Language,	GWENDOLYN IVA STEARNS
True Greatness,	GLADYS ROSE WILEY
Music.	
Class Oration—No Such Word As Fail,	HARRY WOODBURY PURINGTON
Grecian Architecture,	*EDNA MAE STEARNS
Class History,	ADA CLAIRE RICHARDSON
Address to Undergraduates,	AGNES LINWOOD BARTON
Music.	
Class Prophecy,	HELEN ESTELLA BISBEE
Presentation of Class Gift,	NINA FLORINE BEAN
Music.	
Presentation of Gifts to Class,	EDITH ROBERTS HASTINGS
Choice—Valedictory Address,	MARGARET ROBERTS WHIDDEN
Music.	
Conferring of Diplomas.	
Singing of Class Ode.	
Benediction.	

* Excused.

The parts were well rendered, and showed the faithful work done by both teachers and pupils.

The class introduced a new custom by presenting a gift to the Academy, a beautiful picture of the Roman Forum. This picture was on an easel at the right and was presented by Miss Nina Bean. In the absence of Judge Herrick, Presi-

dent of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Goodwin R. Wiley accepted the gift with appropriate remarks.

Principal Hanscom conferred the diplomas, and spoke words full of love and interest to the class.

After the singing of the class ode, written by Miss Mary Carter, and the benediction, the class of 1904 went out as alumni of Gould's Academy.

On Thursday evening Odeon Hall was crowded to hear the Commencement Concert. This consisted of the following program :

"Autumn Sunset,"	<i>Goring</i>
LOTUS QUARTETTE.	
Soprano Solo—"Waltz Song,"	<i>Bailey</i>
MISS BEARCE.	
Violin Solo—"Hungarian Air and Dance,"	<i>Naches</i>
MR. HOLDING.	
Selection—	
LOTUS QUARTETTE.	
Monologue—"The Singing Lesson,"	<i>Original</i>
MISS LIVERMORE.	
Baritone Solo,	<i>Selected</i>
MR. JORDAN.	
"Jenks' Vegetable Compound,"	<i>Macey</i>
(Humorous)	
LOTUS QUARTETTE.	
Violin Solo—	<i>Selected</i>
MR. HOLDING.	
Monologue—"A Parish Call,"	<i>Original</i>
MISS LIVERMORE.	
Soprano Solo—	
"O, Dry Those Tears",	<i>Teresa Del Piego</i>
MISS BEARCE.	
with Violin Obligato by Mr. Holding	
"Heaven's Land,	<i>Van De Water</i>
(Sacred.)	
LOTUS QUARTETTE.	

The Lotus Quartette is always pleasing to a Bethel audience, and one cannot fail to enjoy Mr. Holding.

Both Miss Bearce and Miss Livermore appeared for the first time and won the admiration of all.

The concert was pronounced one of best Commencement Concerts ever given here.

Prospect Inn was the place chosen for the Alumni Banquet, and on Friday many ex-students and teachers assembled to meet old classmates and friends and partake of the tempting dinner.

Dr. A. G. Wiley acted as toastmaster, and in a very pleasing way introduced those who responded to toasts.

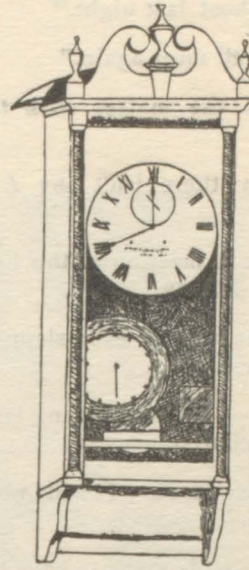
Prof. F. E. Hanscom spoke of the Alumni Association as it is to-day and its value to the student. Mr. Algernon Chapman responded to the School of the Past, Mr. J. U. Purington represented the Board of Trustees, and Mrs. L. B. Hopkins spoke of the pleasure of meeting Gould's Academy students in the far West. Miss Mary True gave reminiscences of her early life at Gould's, and Mr. John L. Dyer spoke from the view of a former teacher. Mrs. John B. Holt emphasized the value of an Alumni Association to the school. Mrs. O. M. Mason spoke to the graduates, and Miss Margaret R. Whidden responded for the class of 1904. The toasts ended with Rev. C. N. Gleason's interesting remarks about school life.

Commencement week closed, as usual, with a reception at Odeon Hall on Friday evening. The hall had been very tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the large number gathered there showed that the class of 1904 had many friends, and the school many loyal supporters.

The reception was held from 8 to 9:30, afterwards many enjoyed dancing until 11. Excellent music for all the exercises was furnished by Payne and Plummer's orchestra of Lewiston. Thus ended one of the most successful Commencements in the history of Gould's Academy.

Life is not all incident, it has its intervals of thought, as well as action—of feeling—of endurance; and in order to reflect and profit by these, it is sometimes necessary to sit down, as it were, upon the sandhills of the desert, and consider from what point in the horizon the journey has been made, or to what opening in the distance it is likely to lead.

Mrs. Ellis.



*Under
The
School
Clock*

Automobiles.

Hot Gates.

Molasses kisses.

"O, ginger up."

"Had we better."

I know that.

Lost—Calisthenics.

"Good-night, Robbie."

"Found them yet?"

"Have some fudge, Percy?"

Are you a Democrat?

"How goes it, Neda?"

"Any boys up there?"

"Pass quietly, please."

"We got switched off."

"Are you going up in the Gym?"

"That was only an exclamation point"

Be ye all of one mind.

Freshman Arithmetic Class.

"I saw your ghost last night."

"I hope we shall meet again."

"Oh, what is the matter with the moon, to-night?"

Isn't it queer there isn't any *L* in meat?

"There will be a meeting of the Editorial board in the library."

Ask Miss Dyer if she ever slept on Mrs. B.'s parlor floor.

I wonder why a certain young lady goes to the M. E. church.

"Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your sake."

Ask Fitz when he is going to have his hat trimmed.

WANTED—A rocking-horse for P. B. and H. P.

Ask Miss Hutchins about that family of two thousand men.

Messrs. V. and T., do you remember your catastrophe?

Teacher: "To what place in England did the Jutes, Angles and Saxons come?"

Miss R.: "Europe."

Miss D. (translating): *Se regalait de pommes de terre.* "He regaled himself with some apples of the estate."

Teacher: "Who was Portia?"

Miss W.: "Prince of Morocco."

What was the number of the nine thirty-seven train one Sunday evening?

Ask Marie B.

Teacher: "What was Layamon's occupation?"

Miss H.: "A farmer."

Freshman, why pay seventy-five cents for $\frac{1}{3000}$ of an orange, when you can get two whole ones for five cents?

A new pronunciation of the French *u*: Mr. Erskine says to place your mouth to whistle and say *i*.

Mr. E. (translating): *Jean se montra, apportant les deux petits sacs de voyage.* "John appeared carrying his two little bags of the trip."

Miss R. (translating Chaucer): *And carf biforn his fader at the table.* "I should think that would be translated 'and carved his father at the table'."

Miss G. (translating): *Neaccompagne que le voix des chantres.* "Accompanied only by the voice of the hymns."

Miss M. (translating): *Madame de Laradens aimait beaucoup le docteur Reynaud; elle lui fit un jour une proposition.* "Madame of Laradens liked Dr. Reynaud very much and one day she made a proposal to him."

Athletics.

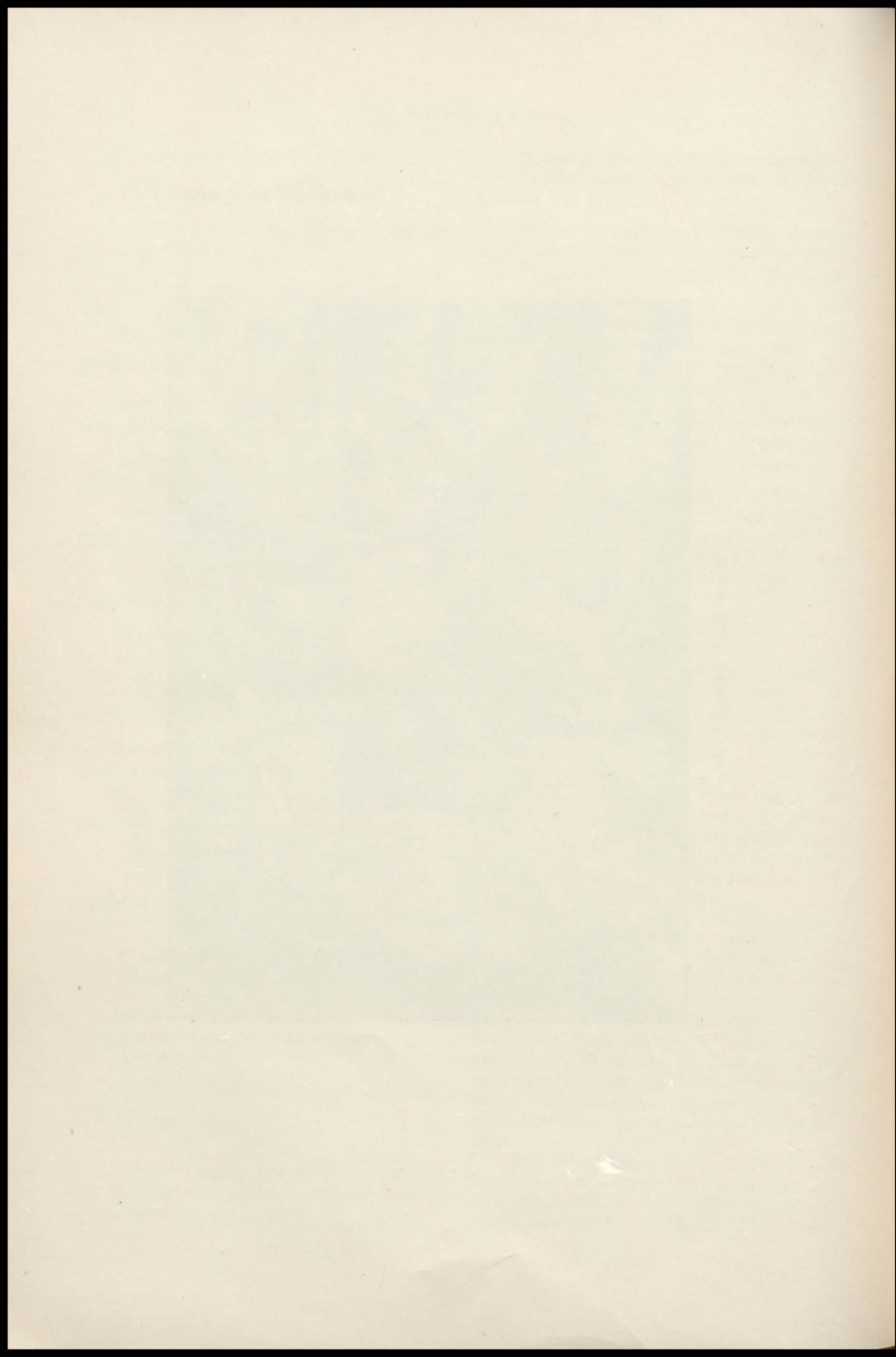
Chauncey M. Depew, at a banquet given in honor of Yale University, in speaking of her athletics said, "The enthusiasm of the victory stretches beyond the field and college walks. It stirs up the old doctor riding around on his country calls; it gives a sensation not felt in years to the old lawyer among his briefs; it quickens the pulse of the judge upon the bench, the grave statesman of the Senate, the journalist in his sanctum, and the minister in his study."

The stamina which a successful athlete must have, cannot but help him as a man of affairs. The "push and pull" spirit, instilled into every athletic team, is a factor to be reckoned as an asset of priceless value to him who possesses it. He has a striking power, the effectiveness of which cannot be estimated. He sees opportunities and takes advantage of them. The ability to do this frequently turns defeat to victory and failure to success.

Just at present when athletics are most popular everywhere, the unwarranted criticism which some are ever making, seems entirely out of place. That athlet-



Base Ball Team, 1904.



ics take up a student's time can not be disputed, but what student does not have a few spare hours, which, if devoted to out-door sports or gymnasium work, will yield a vastly greater benefit than if spent in simply killing time.

The base-ball outlook at the beginning of the season last spring was, to say the most, hopeful. But under the direction of Captain Brooks, a team was developed which won two of five games played. The battery positions were filled by Brooks and Purington, both doing good work. In the other positions, the playing of Carter and Pettengill was noticeably good. The team did as well as could be expected considering the support given it by the student body. A few students attended each game, but the attendance was never such as to infuse much life into a team. If our team could receive the support which belongs to it, we might have athletic instructors and turn out a winning team.

While last winter was our first attempt to place a young men's basket-ball team in the field, it met with unusual success, winning sixty-six per cent. of the games played. With our last year's experience, and some coaching, Gould's should have a team this winter which will maintain the record made by last year's team. In order to do this, the team must have the support of every student in school. Every boy, who is physically able, should be in the gymnasium every practice afternoon. The success of the first team depends as much on the strength of the second as upon its own strength. If in no other way, we all can, at least, help support the team by attending the games. Loyalty to our athletic teams means loyalty to our school, and loyalty to our school means being true to its best ideals and traditions and maintaining its proud standard of character and scholarship.

Choose for your friend him that is wise and good, secret and just, ingenious and honest, and on those things which have a latitude, use your own liberty.

Jeremy Taylor.



EXCHANGES.

Not wishing to have the exchange column wholly blotted out of our school paper, as we at first feared it would be, the editor of this department has attempted to write a few words to remind those schools with which we have exchanged, and any others who desire to do so, that we shall be pleased at any time to receive papers marked "Please exchange".

We find, at present, in our library, only a small number, but presume this is due to the fact that, like ourselves, many schools are just issuing their publications.

The few which have been received are:

The Pulse, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, one of the best papers we receive, and containing some fine stories,

The B. H. S. Register, Burlington, Vermont, containing an excellent article on William McKinley,

The Huisache which has an unusually pretty cover design,

The Leavitt Angelus, always a most interesting paper,

The Tripod, Thornton Academy, Saco, Maine,

The Maine Campus,
The Bates Student,
The Bowdoin Orient.

Our exchanges all remind us,
We should make our paper shine,
And departing leave behind us,
Something doin' in our line.

Ex.

Little lines of Latin,
Little grains of scan,
Make a mighty Virgil
And a crazy man.

Ex.

I tried to be a politician ;
Alas the wires all broke.
I tried to be an undertaker ;
Myself the first to croak.

Now I am just trying to keep cool
While writing this poor rhyme,
But cool air costs a plunk per glass,
And I haven't got a dime.

So please excuse me if I stop,
And write in rhyme no more.
The fire down here is fiercer
Than the one in Baltimore.

Ex.

Vassar College girl, eating her first
gooseberries : " N'yum ! N'yum ! yum-m !
Wouldn't I like to own the goose that laid
those gooseberries ! " *Ex.—*

If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall ;
If nobody's noticed you, you must be small :
If nobody's slandered you, here is my pen—
Sign yourself nobody, quick as you can.

Ex.

A maid in a spirit of pique
Slapped her lover quite hard on the chique ;

But never a word

Said he, and I've hord

They are going to marry next wique.

Another of whom I have heard
Had a voice sweet as a beard.

She's a bachelor girl,

With a low-drooping cirl,

And " Fancy ! " 's her favorite weard.

They lived in a very swell suite
On a very extravagant struite ;

The rent was so high

That hard as they'd trigh

They couldn't make both ends muite.

A cook who had many receipts
For cooking fish, poultry and beipts,
Exclaimed in surprise

When asked to make pise,

" I wasn't engaged to cook sweipts.

Ex.

" Strive, endeavor ; it profits more
To fight and fail than on Time's shore
To sit an idler ever ;
For to him who bares his arms to the strife
Firm at his post in the battle of life,
The victory faileth never."

~

" Live for to-day, to-morrow is a dream,
We may not see its bright fulfilling ;
But now, while duty's voices call,
Let us, with courage strong and willing,
Live for to-day."

~

" We end when scarce begun,
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live,
Our life is done.
Then count thy days,
And if they flow too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count,
Count every day the last."

~

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent !
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
Longfellow.

~

Reading is to the mind, what exercise is to the body. As by one, health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated, by the other, virtue, which is to the health of the mind, is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed.

Addison.

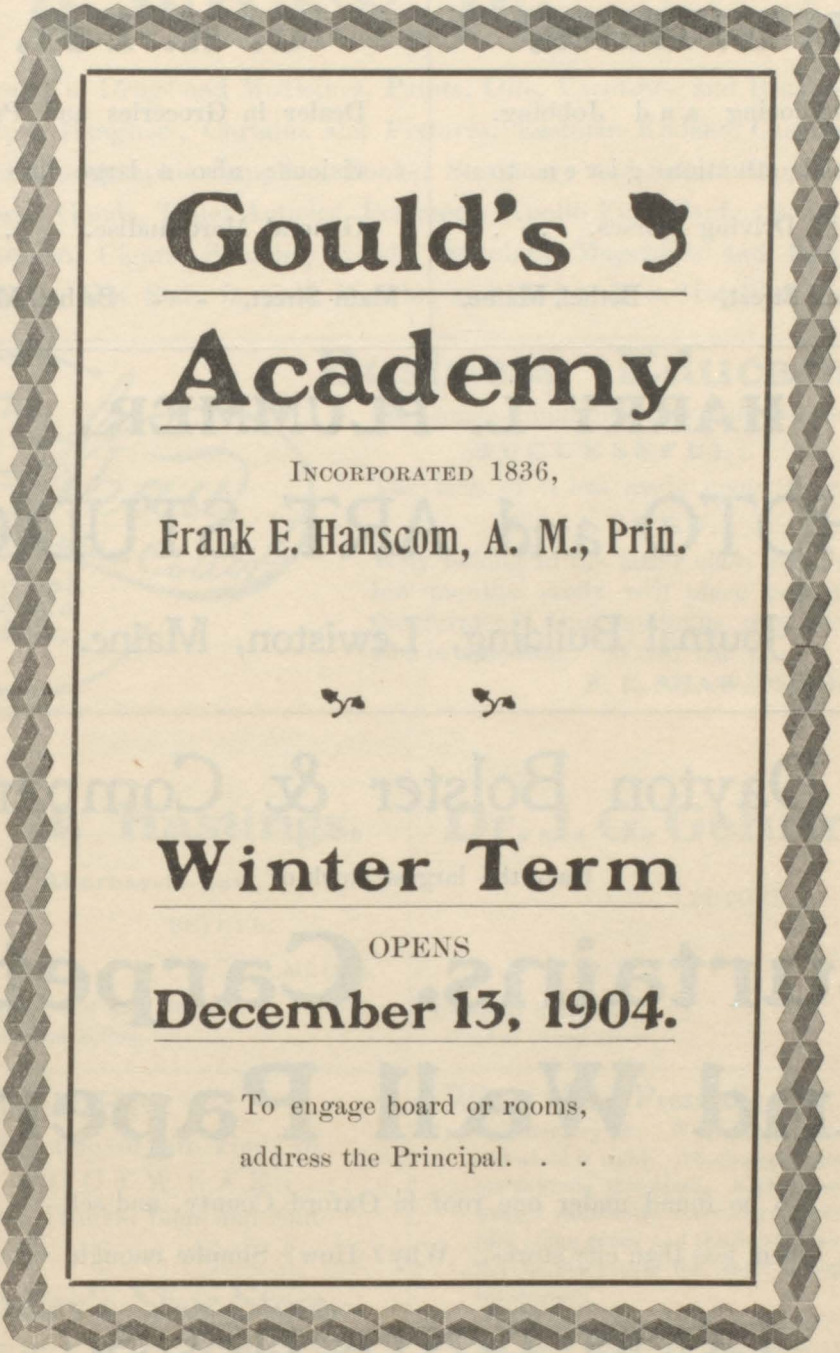
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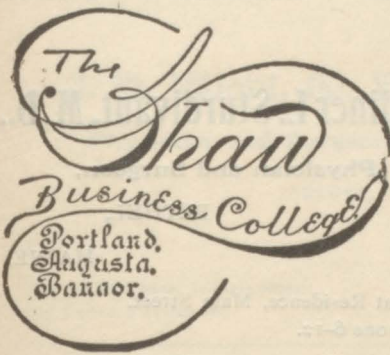
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